Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ARTIST ON THE BRAIN

A Transatlantic Rhyme
— from PUNCH.
with Cisatlantic Illuminations

I always did love Walberswick, and have in olden time
Immortalised its lonely shores, in Sentimental rhyme;
But now the place is filled with crowds of men, and many a lass
And white umbrellas spot the beach like mushrooms on the grass;
In ancient days the harbour was poetically drear,
But now it's crammed with Artist-folk, those Painters on the Pier

They sketch the Ferryman's old hut, the reeds that sway and nod,
The early Christian countenance of Charon — Mistër Dodd;
And Lady Amateurs are there who morn and evening flop
Round artistes of the other sex, and taly supremest "shops"
Oh, would that I might never see a canvass any more,
Away with all your "tints" and tubes, oh Smudgers by the shore

I take a boat and sail outside to where the breeze blows stiff,
And grisly bones diversify the face of Dunwich Cliff;
When lo! a sketcher on the sea uncomfortably floats —
And several canvasses are seen our spread in heaving boats.
They come to haunt my midnight dreams, I see them in my sleep,
Those everlasting drawing-boards of daubers on the deep!

I'll try a voyage in the air, I'll hire a big balloon
And soar towards the midday sun and interview the moon
And even then I'm sure to meet the Amateurs on high
Still perpetrating libels on the unoffending Sky
They're rampant upon sea and land; and yes, I do declare,
There comes another through the Clouds, an Artist in the Air.

I'll paint myself with Vanayke Brown and she with Naples Red
And Crimson Lake and Cadmium shall flame upon my head
A suit of Double Elephant shall be my daily wear,
And "Siccatif de Courtrai" shall anoint my flowing hair;
So brim the cup with turpentine, nor deem that I'm insane,
For since I've been to Walberswick I've Artist on the Brain.